

## **Thin**

Thin, thin, thin  
My life is thin  
No substance  
No interest  
Spare  
But not ascetic  
Pale, hungry  
Transparent  
Thin, famished, thin

Restless eyes  
Restless hands  
Wandering  
Looking, but  
Nothing  
No interest  
Nothing engages  
Thin, gaunt, thin

Teflon fingers  
Teflon mind  
All slips  
Grasped briefly  
Not cast aside  
Just slips  
Thin, fragile  
Eggshell fragments  
Spare  
Sparse  
Thin

**Poet's statement:** This poem anticipates the feelings generated by age and lingering illness – a sense of mental as well as physical wasting, and a gradual detachment from the world, becoming almost insubstantial. It is an attempt at empathy with my father during the months leading up to his death from pancreatic cancer, during which his physical changes were paralleled by the relinquishment of his plans, intentions and hopes.

**Mark King**